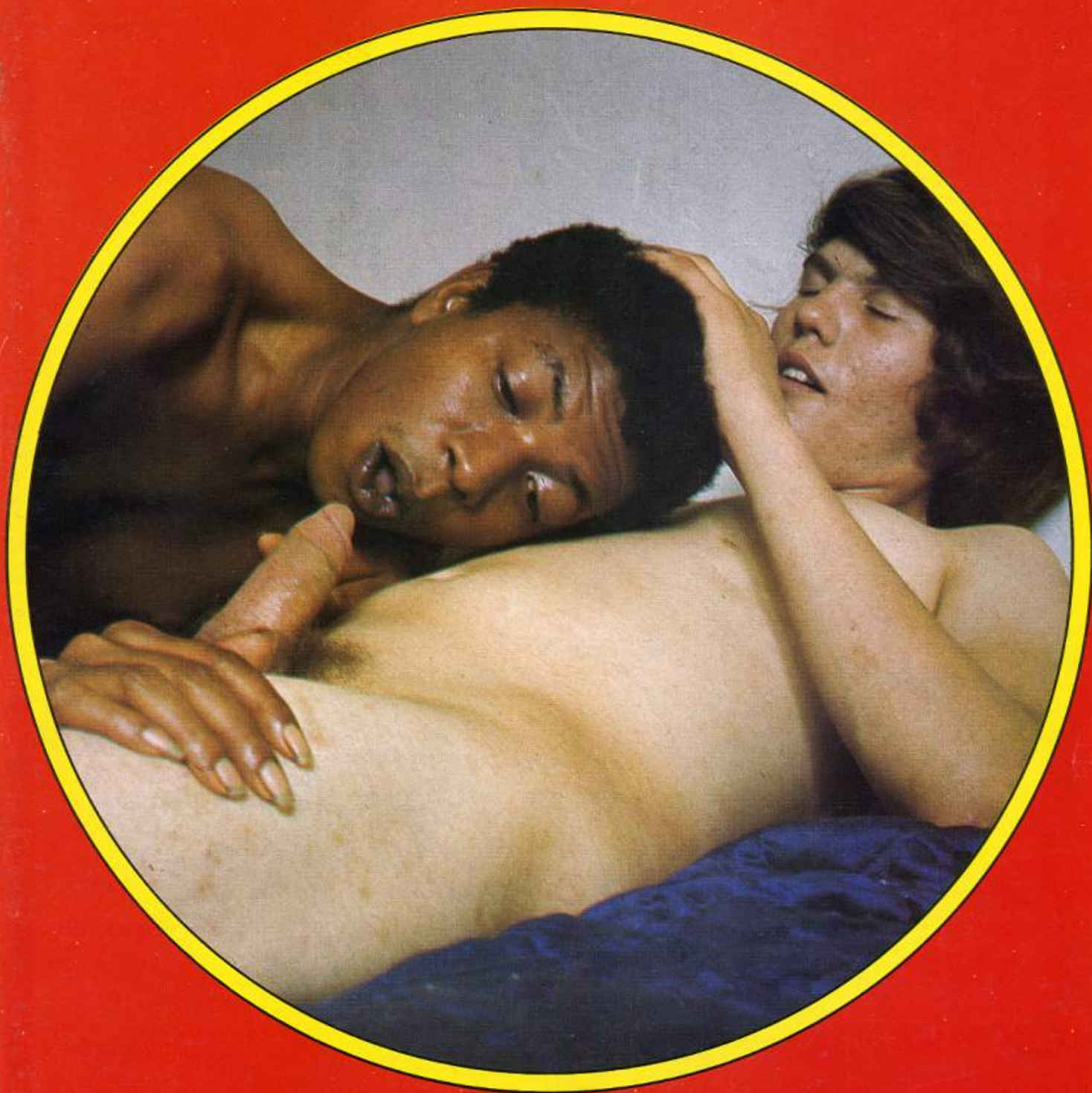


ADULTS ONLY

SIX DOLLARS

GAY INTERACTION



THREE COLOR ILLUSTRATED SHORT STORIES
EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE DISCRIMINATING GAY ADULT





EDITORIAL

Despite a growing gay culture, especially in the United States, the glue that holds the gay community together is still sex. And we have always contended that sex is color blind.

After years of travel throughout the country, we can state almost unequivocally, that despite the continuing feeling of racial prejudice that exists in our land, among gay people it is less pronounced when it exists at all. Even in the Deep South, where racial segregation is still a burning issue, gay men accept blacks readily as sexual partners.

While many men may first approach blacks out of curiosity, to prove or disprove to themselves the myth of black sexual superiority, nine times out of ten one taste of interracial sex is not enough.

Gay interaction with blacks does not stop at the purely sexual level. At least in most major metropolitan areas, gay bars and night clubs are thoroughly integrated. Cases of blacks being turned away from gay establishments are a rare occurrence these days.

Perhaps the main reason gay whites have been so

successful at overcoming racial prejudice is their innate understanding of the phenomenon. Like blacks, gay people have experienced prejudice and discrimination directed against them. With experience comes understanding and empathy for others who are also the objects of prejudice.

Thus, it is a common sight to see black and white men dancing together in gay discos, real and solid friendships between gay whites and blacks, love affairs of long standing. The baths, the great gay melting pot, is proof positive of the lack of sexual discrimination between the races. There you will see whites, blacks, Orientals, etc., interacting without thought of skin color.

Today, as gay black men join their white brothers in the gay liberation movement, whatever racial prejudices that once existed are fast disappearing. Gays were quick to realize that the goals of all the liberation movements are the same. Only by joining together can true progress be achieved.

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STREET MEAT



I was going home late one afternoon just after I'd dropped off my chick. She'd left me with a bad case of stone aches, which was nothing new at all. I decided to head back down to my apartment and, as usual, satisfy myself with a hand-job. I swore that afternoon that I'd get even with that bitch. She was gonna work me up once too often, and find herself with my cock rammed half way up her cunt!

On the way home, this kid started following me. I couldn't figure out what he was after, until I saw him glance down at my crotch when we stopped at a crosswalk. I knew then what he was after. A cock-hungry fag! I went on ahead of him, but I knew he was still following.

Then I had this idea. I'd blow Jenny's mind by letting some fag bring me off since she wouldn't. I'd call her up and tell her some guy was chewing on my joint because she'd gotten me so horny and wouldn't put out.

I slowed down and finally stop-

ped completely. I propped myself up against the entrance to a building and let the kid catch up with me. I guess I scared him a little, cause he breezed right by me....but not without glancing down toward my prick. I gave it a couple of hard squeezes to make sure he saw what condition it was in. When he caught sight of the bulge in my crotch, he stopped dead in his tracks.

He came back over and just sorta stood there for a moment. Then, he very cautiously reached out and cupped the palm of his hand over my stiff cock. Very nervously, he asked me to go to his place with him.

I followed him down the street to an old building not far from mine. As soon as we got inside, he attacked me! He had my shirt open and pants down before you could bat an eye! His eyes seemed to glaze over as he ran his hands over my body and reached down for my prick.

He lifted it up and skinned it back, and before you knew it, I was hard as a damned brick. He leaned forward and kissed the head of it, and rubbed his lips all over it. I was so hot I could've shot right then and there. But I knew there was more to follow, and I didn't want to waste it too quick.

He stripped down quickly and presented his own rigid prick into full view. I couldn't get over how horny and hot he got over sucking on my dick, but I guess that's what it's all about. He started lurching on my meat like a starved baby—nursing on my dick like a damned bottle!

He sucked me so hard and good I felt like popping my nuts down his throat! Then I decided to give it to him the way he really wanted it. I straddled his face and started pumping that hard dick down his throat like it was a pussy. He loved every fucking inch of it, too! It was like he enjoyed getting his face fucked, the way a woman loves it up her cunt!

I didn't hold back an inch! I fucked that pretty little face of his til my damned ole nuts started gushing out that cream. I watched him choke and gag, but he swallowed every fucking drop of it! I'd





never seen anyone swallow a load before, much less a guy. He didn't miss a drop. And, after I'd stopped throbbing out those thick wads of hot cum, he kept right on sucking til he'd milked every last drop outta my peter! I've never seen anyone love dick the way that kid does!

When I collapsed on the bed, he got up on his knees beside and started rubbing his hands over my ass. He kissed both cheeks of my ass, and started poking his fingers in my crack and tried to get at my hole. I knew he wanted to fuck me, but that was entirely out of the question. But I didn't mind if he got his jollies while playing with my

asshole. I just laid there and let him poke his fingers around in my crack while he whipped his meat off.

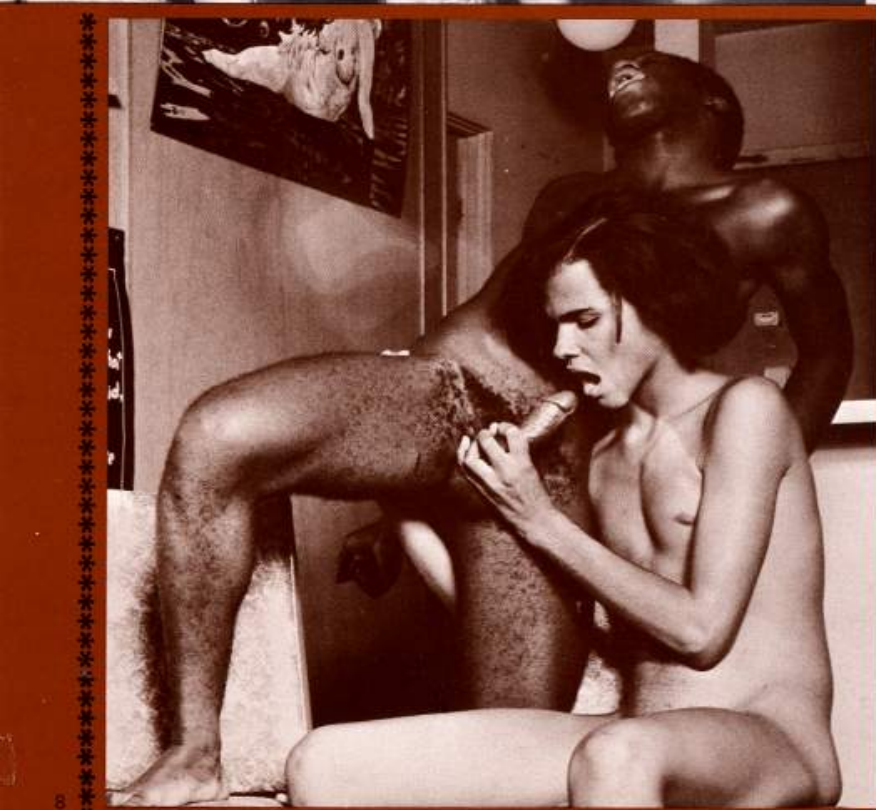
I felt a flood of hot thick cream splash out onto my ass and back and thighs. Man, I thought that kid would never stop creaming out! That was the first time I'd ever had a guy pop his load on me, but the idea of it turned me on somehow. I felt like I was really doing something perverse, but somehow, I enjoyed it.

He laid down next to me and rested for a while, and then I'll be damned if we didn't get into it again. He was starved half to death for cock, and I was eager to deliver.

It's not often you run across an outlet like that! I knew then I'd look a long time before I ever found anybody that could suck dick as good as that, and love getting face-fucked by a hard male peter the way he did.

I still go out with Jenny a lot, but, when she cools me off now, I don't worry about it too much. I kept that kid's phone number, and all I have to do is call him up for the best blow job in town. You gotta get that load off one way or another, so why not give it to someone who appreciates it!











LOVE MACHINES

It was a clear day. Gossamer clouds nosed their way through the translucent waves of an azure sky, ---enroute to wherever gossamer clouds go. All was right with the world, or so it seemed. Tom was idling his four wheeled Detroit junk pile along Fifth Street, when something made his foot release itself from the gas pedal. He felt a strange sensation come over him, and, coincidentally, he looked to the right. There in the park, seated on a bench, was a handsome guy engrossed in some book work. He had obviously just come from class at some university.

"Wow!" Tom thought to himself, "that is one of the best looking guys I've seen in my life!" He saw the young man look up from his book and apparently right at him, deep into his eyes. Of course, he was over thirty feet away, but, nevertheless, Tom felt the look was strictly for him.

Deciding that he had to talk to the lad, he pulled to the curb, happy that the boy's eyes were still on him. "Hey," he called, pleasantly, "do you see any parking spaces around?"

"There's a little parking lot in the next block," was the reply.

"Thanks," Tom returned, "I'll try it."

"That ought to let him know that I'll be back," Tom said, under his breath.

He found the lot easily enough, and there was still space left for him to park. He hastily took the proffered ticket from the parking lot man, and hurried to see if the great looking guy was still there.

His heart sank as he came up behind the bench. He'd left! But no---his books were still there. Hmmm---probably went to the men's room. Fighting down an urge to

find out, he sat down on the bench and waited impatiently for him to return.

Tom was an overly-average good looking young man. His exceedingly masculine body and face hid the fact that his sexual interests lay primarily in another guy's direction. He wasn't exactly experienced either, his sexual contacts having been limited to one other. That was Danny, his best friend in High School. They had done some experimenting, and, although they thought it was something wondrous, it was a more or less natural happening.

Tom had always been a good swimmer and had gone out for the team in his sophomore year. He had always been attracted to his chums and dreamed about them being naked and all, but had never touched one of them.

His father had warned him about masturbating in a truthful, adult way, and had explained that he, Tommy, should stay away from it unless it was absolutely necessary.

Therefore, Tom had refused the clandestine jack-off parties which the other boys attended, and was slightly ostracized because of it.

He did catch himself secretly trying to view any naked bodies he saw; in the showers after gym, or in the toilet when they all lined up to urinate at recess time. Judging from the size of the other boys, he was quite proud of his own cock. It seemed to be twice as big as any of the others, and, after viewing a particularly large display of penises one day, he found he couldn't curb his desire to jack-off.

He wondered about it and didn't feel particularly guilty when he slipped into his bedroom after school and whaled the daylight out of his beautiful prick.

Seeing that it was his only love object, he became more and more penis oriented and discovered that if he arranged a couple of mirrors right, he had several views of his towering giant as he lovingly stripped it of its hot, sticky, creamy load. He tried every position that he could think of to enhance his masturbating, and, wondering one afternoon how it would feel if he could put it in his mouth, he sat on the edge of the bed, put his hands under his thighs and pulled his upper body down so that he could touch the leaking tip of his cock with his tongue.

Oh, wow! Was he ever excited! Rolling over on his back, he threw his legs over his head, and, sure enough, there was his prick aiming right at his mouth!

Pulling his body over even farther, his knees settled on the bed on either side of his head, and he could take his swollen, distended crown all the way into his mouth! By pulling on the backs of his thighs again, then releasing them in rhythm, he fucked his mouth until the frantic, fantastic churnings of his boiling seed got too wild to contain, and, throwing caution to the winds, shot off in his mouth, loving the gushing semen from the start!

His meeting with Danny took awhile to accomplish. Danny was a Senior and the captain of the swimming team. He was also the best swimmer and diver, and his body was absolutely god-like.

Tom got a thrill each time he looked at Danny in his tank trunks, the huge, overstuffed pouch attesting to the size of Danny's genitals. For a time, Tom was too embarrassed to look at Danny when he stripped them off and ran around the shower room, laughing, joking,

popping the other guys on their naked butts with a damp towel. He took little sneaky glances out of the corner of his eyes and saw that the big red-head was carrying a fantastic hose between his legs which bobbed and whipped around his thighs when he was in motion.

He heard the other guys make plenty of comments about Danny's "horse-cock," his "Foot-long throbber" and all the adjectives pertaining to a huge organ. One evening, Tom was late in showering and, as he faced the wall to remove his trunks, he felt a tap on his shoulder and turned his head. There stood Danny, naked, with his hands on his hips.

"Don't you like me, Tom?" he asked.

"Why---why sure, Danny---why ask a question like that?"

"Well---you never hang around with us guys or anything."

He turned Tom around and looked him over. When he got to Tom's crotch, he whistled and said, "Holy cow! What a rod! I knew the guys were wrong!"

"About what?"

"They said the reason you're always covered up was because your dick wasn't any bigger than a peanut!"

Tom blushed, furiously, and blurted out, "I'll bet it's bigger than any of their's! Except yours, of course!" He realized that he had been staring at Danny's cock as it dangled far down below his heavy, bull-like nuts. Danny saw his look, and grasped the monster in his fist. "Yeah, it's big alright, but I'll bet yours is about the same size when it's hard. How big is it, Tom?"

"Oh---I don't know," Tom lied, "maybe eight or nine inches."

"Let's find out." Danny grasped Tom's prick and began to manipulate the foreskin back and forth. Tom wanted to stop him, but the feeling was so fantastic, he just stood there like a clod with his eyes glazing and his jaw agape.

"C'mon, Tom---work me up, too," Danny said, impatiently, reaching for Tom's hand and placing it on his already stiffening shaft.

Tom blindly did as he was told, and immediately thrilled at the feel of Danny's fat, velvety prick,

throbbing to life in his fist. He looked down and watched, hypnotized as he capped and uncapped Danny's pink, moist crown with the heavy, snug, generous foreskin.

Danny was pleasurably out of his mind. He had never dreamed that Tom would have a whopper like his own. He had seen Tom around school for two years and had always been impressed with his looks and later, on the swimming team, with his physique, but he never would have guessed that he could be hung like this!

"Tom," he asked, huskily, "What do you do with this monster in your suit? You never even show a bulge!"

"I push it down between my legs, up and back under."

"Oho! I guess that's why the guys thought you were hung like a mouse---Christ! That feels good, Tommy!"

They hadn't stopped working on each other during the conversation. "Who do you jack-off with, Tommy?" he asked.

"No one."

"You mean you've never jacked-off with anyone?" Danny asked incredulously.

"Nope!"

"You like it, don't you?"

"Oh, Christ! Yes!"

"Let's go into the shower room so we won't get caught."

"Okay---but don't stop!"

"I won't---as a matter of fact, I'll show you something else."

They got in the shower and Danny turned on the water. They both had punishing hard-ons by now; so hard they ached with urgency.

Tom was suddenly torn from his reverie by a low, pleasant voice.

"You were really some place far away."

"You can say that again," Tom replied, looking into the smiling face of the young man he had seen earlier. "What's your name?"

"Glen---what's yours?"

"Tom. What are all the books for?"

"Boning up for an exam, I just thought the park would be more pleasant to study in than my apartment."

Now, all of a sudden, Tom understood the immediate attraction

he felt for Glen. He resembled Danny so much, it was uncanny. He wondered if Glen was like Danny---everywhere....

"You know," he began, "you remind me so much of a friend...."

"The one you were just thinking of?" Glen asked, lightly.

"As a matter of fact, yes."

"Tell me what happened at the end---when you suddenly looked so sad."

"He went into the Marines---overseas---and I never heard from him or about him again."

"Did you love him very much?"

Tom looked up, startled at this impertinence, then seeing Glen's calm, interested look, he replied, "Yes, very much. My first---and maybe last."

"Now why would you say that?"

"Do you think love comes your way more than once?"

"You're a sensational looking stud---I can't see why not!"

Flattered by the obvious compliment, Tom asked, "How about you? Are you in love with someone?"

A slight frown appeared on Glen's face, and he said, "No---not now, anyway. I was, but...."

"Yeah, I know how it is."

"What do you do about it?"

"You go out for a drive, pass a park, see a handsome young stud sitting there and...."

"Do you know the end of it?"

"No---do you?"

"Look, Tom---are you just out for some fast sex?"

Suddenly puzzled, Tom answered, "I don't know, Glen. I just saw you and was immediately attracted to you."

"You mean all the way from your car?"

"Yes---I told you that you remind me of someone."

"I'd rather be wanted for me."

"Maybe I do."

Changing the subject, Glen asked.

"Do you know anything about physics?"

"The kind you take or the kind you get poor grades in?"

"No kidding---do you?"

"Yeah---some. I was pretty good in it in school."

"Well---at least it's an excuse to 13





invite you home with me."

"Do you need an excuse?"

"Yes---something to verify to myself that I'm not just a tramp."

"In other words, you mean I appeal to you?"

"God, yes! And especially the way you're sitting!"

Tom looked down at his outstretched legs and saw his mighty rod outlined by the material of his tight pants.

Slightly disappointed, he asked, "Is that all you're interested in---a big cock?"

"Look, man," Glen said, levelly, "If you've got it, why knock it? I'm glad it's big rather than being small---aren't you?"

At this frank, disarming speech, Tom grinned in spite of himself and said, "Hell, yes! As long as I have to play with myself as much as I do, I'm fuckin' glad it is big!"

"Spoken like a truthful man---and I promise not to disappoint you, either. I've got a few secrets tucked away, too."

"Not so's you can notice it," Tom roared, indicating Glen's obvious hard-on which was trying to burst out of his pants.

"I *am* pretty easily aroused, Tom---by the right person! And you're right---I *do* like big cocks!"

Remembering Danny, Tom said, "I guess it *does* give a guy an opening remark."

"What do you mean?"

"This guy I was thinking about---that was about the first thing he ever said to me---'Holy cow, what a rod!'"

"You're making me horny talking like that."

"There's nothing we can do about it here!"

"Okay---let's go to my place, then. I wasn't kidding about the Physics."

"I hope you're *not* kidding about anything!"

"I'd be a real dunce to let you go. C'mon, you can leave your car in the lot. My place is only a couple of blocks from here. You'd probably not find a parking lot around there, either."

As they walked along, Glen asked Tom, "Have you ever gone steady with anyone? I mean aside

16 from the first guy."

Darkly, Tom replied, "No---that's why I'm out looking now."

"Christ, I hope it's me," Glen said, softly, fervently.

"When do we get to your place?" Tom asked, gruffly.

"Here it is now---second floor."

They walked into the small apartment and Glen dropped his books in a chair. "How about some coffee, Tom?" he asked.

"Fine---I could stand a cup."

"Take off your shoes and get comfortable---that's the first thing I always do."

Tom picked up the Physics book and began to peruse it. By the time Glen came back with the coffee, Tom was engrossed.

"C'mon, boy---we might as well get this out of the way. What's the test about?"

Glen handed him some papers and said, "If I know the answers to these problems, I'll be sitting pretty."

"These don't look too hard---c'mon and sit beside me and we'll get this out of the way pronto."

Glen reached over and softly stroked the mound springing from Tom's crotch and the lump lying down his left leg.

Tom moaned as Glen squeezed the thick shaft in his fist. Glen unzipped him and gave a strangled, lustful groan as he released the beautiful monster from its confinement. "I just knew it would look like that, Tom," he breathed, "to hell with the Physics---I want *this*!" Tom reprimanded him, mock in his sincerity and said, "No treat until you do your homework!"

Glen pretended to pout until Tom reached over and pulled his aching hard-on out of his pants. Glen had been truthful---it was a real beauty, rearing from its tangled bed of maroon curls, the velvety skin creamy and satin smooth as only a red-head's can be---and just like Danny's!

Tom pulled the snug foreskin back, revealing the moist, pink helmet, then ran his thumb for a second around the nerve bump studded corona, flaring prominently at the base of the glistening crown.

"Suck it, please, Tom!" Glen whispered, urgently.

"No," he replied, "studies first!"

This time, Glen really was petulant, but soon accepted his fate as Tom began his questions, gently titillating the throbbing giant just so it wouldn't get lonely.

"Ummmm," Glen said, "this is really the way to study! I *know* I'll get *good* grades on *this* test!"

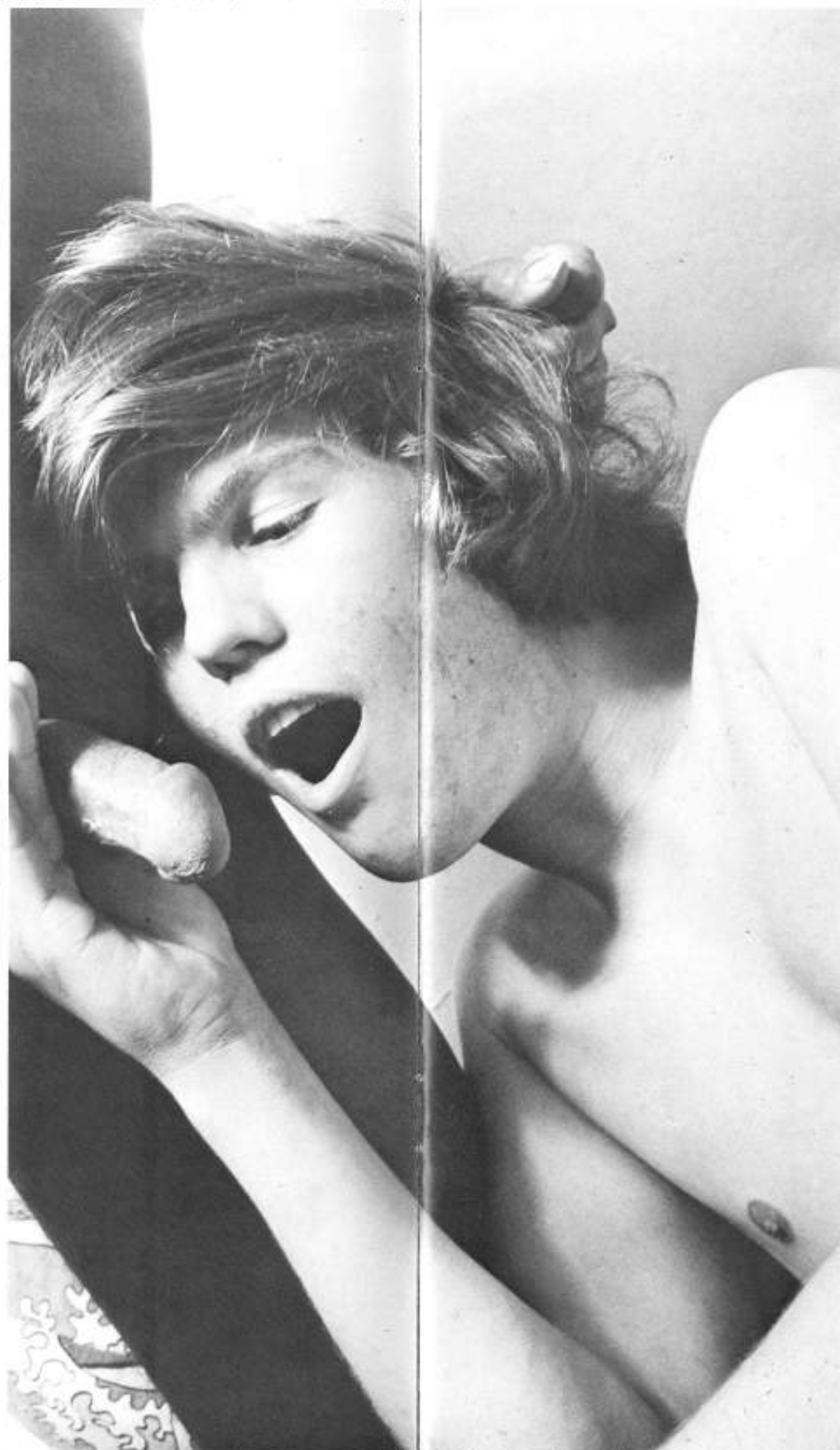
After an hour of concentration, Glen said, "I think I've got enough of this to pass, Tom." He stood up and stretched, his cock still outside his pants but flaccid now from being ignored during the study period. It still arched an incredible distance from his fly, and Tom said, "That sure is a big one, Glen!"

Tom hastened to strip and Glen led him into the bedroom. After a long awaited, breathless kiss, they fell on the bed, fondling and caressing each other's bodies until they were both panting with desire, their huge, inflated pricks pressed into each other's bellies as they lay facing each other. Glen reached for Tom's cock first and, after several enervating passes over it with his encircled fist, he moaned, and said, softly, "Let's sixty-nine, Tom---I want you as badly as you want me!"

Glen rolled Tom onto his back, covering him on his hands and knees, and fucked down into Tom's mouth as his head bobbed up and down on Tom's beautiful long, enormously girthed peter. Brilliant sparks shattered in Tom's brain as Glen rolled and kneaded his hysterical nuts, packed and boiling for release. One of Glen's fingers found its way to Tom's quivering ass-hole and lightly fluttered over the fluted tissues. The extra sensual attention caused Tom's flood gates to open, and, as he stiffened with a shudder, Glen's finger slid into his steaming channel and jabbed the swollen, anxious prostate gland. Tom gave a muffled scream, then sucked on Glen harder as he blasted charge after charge into Glen's suctioning maw.

As the lava-hot semen seared his tonsils, Glen let go, too, and inundated Tom's throat with such a voluminous geyser, it ran from the corners of his mouth and dripped down his cheeks to the bed covering. Tom swallowed hard, trying not to miss one drop.







Glen raised up on an elbow, and took two cigarettes from a container, lit them and handed one to Tom.

"Was that okay for the first time, Glen?" he asked.

"The first time?"

"Yes, I've never done this with anyone before—but I sure can't wait to do it again!"

They lay silently for a couple of minutes, then Glen said, "I'd like to try something else with you, Tom."

"Alright," Tom replied, quietly, "I'll try anything with you."

Glen disappeared for a second, then came back with a much battered tube of Brylcreme. Squeezing out the last little bit left in the container, he greased up Tom's prick, which had only relaxed a little bit, its head still swollen and arrogant. At the touch of Glen's hand, it sprang up, steely and brutal appearing once more.

"That's my baby," Glen murmured and used the rest of the cream to grease up his ass-hole. "Now, I'm going to get on my back and pull my knees up to my chest, Tom. I guess you'll know what to do from there!"

Tom chuckled, and said, "Try me," positioning himself so that the snub nose of his mighty, scarlet helmet nudged Glen's convulsing ass-hole, practically hysterical with anticipation.

"Just ease it in, Tommy, and wait until I get accustomed to that beau-

tiful monster," Glen said, panting.

Tom pushed several times until Glen's sphincter ring popped open and clamped behind his enormous corona, almost strangling it. "God, that's tight!" Tom groaned.

"Just let me relax, baby, and then it's all yours. Christ, Tom—you're so big! Just about the biggest thing that's ever been in me!"

Pretending to be peeved, Tom said, "And how many have been in here to give you such a comparison?"

"Not that many, Tom."

"I was just kidding—I didn't think that you were a virgin!"

"Now, Tom—now move in, I'm ready!"

Tom grasped Glen's thighs and eased himself in inch by inch. To Glen, it seemed as though he'd never stop moving in, but the feeling of that monstrous crest rumbling like a steam roller over his prostate gland, then flattening out all the wrinkles and convolutions on his canal walls made him moan and wriggle with delight. It was painful, but the pleasure far outweighed the pain. When Glen finally felt Tom's crisp, wiry pubic curls against his perineum, he knew that Tom had sounded. He rested a moment, then slowly pulled out, gasping at the sensations of Glen's sucking channel. When just the head remained in the ante-chamber, Glen said, "Now, baby, give it hell!"

Tom plunged in, pulled out, increasing his speed with every thrust.

"Oh, Christ!" Glen muttered, "I can't hold it—you're just too much, Tommy—are you ready yet?"

"In—just—a—minute, Glen!"

"Hold it—I'm comin'—I can feel it—Oh, God! That's wonderful—now, Glen, now it's here—it's here! Let go, baby, I'm gonna blast a hole right through you! There—there it is! I'M COMING! AAAA-AAAAGH! AAAAAAGH!"

Glen shot between their bellies, the massive load gluing them together until they separated with a sucking sound.

"That was fantastic, baby, just fantastic!" Tom exclaimed.

"I was hoping you'd think that way," Glen replied, happily.

"When do I see you again?"

"Can you wait until tonight?"

Glen kissed him and said, "You go home, clean up, change clothes and come right back here. Will you stop at the store for me? I need some Brylcreme mighty bad!"

Tom leaned over and kissed Glen's beautiful butt and said, "And I know just where to put that little dab to do ya!"

"And I thought that you were so inexperienced at this kind of thing, Tom!"

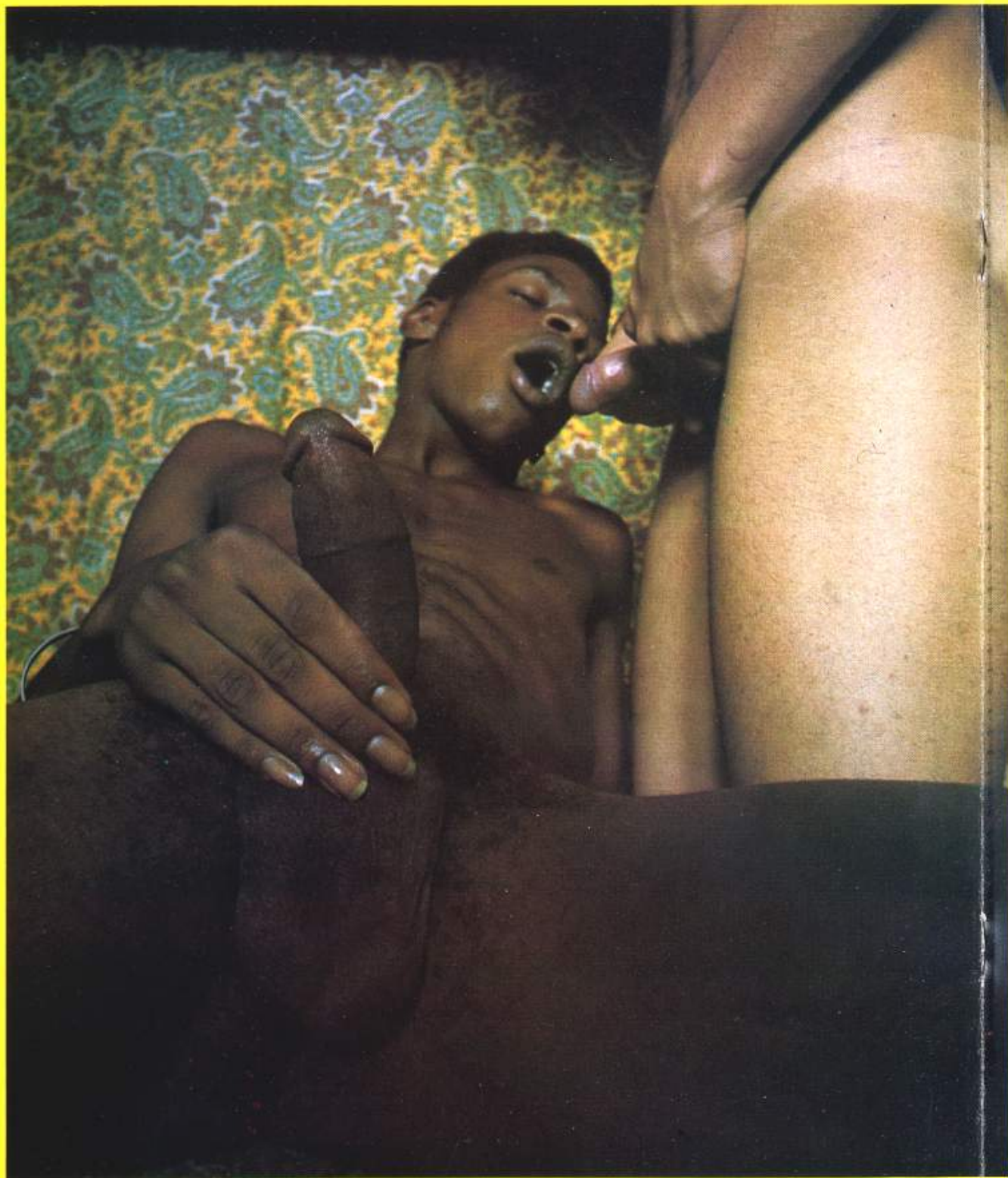
"You didn't ask me what I did with my first love, Glen—and it certainly wasn't sucking!"

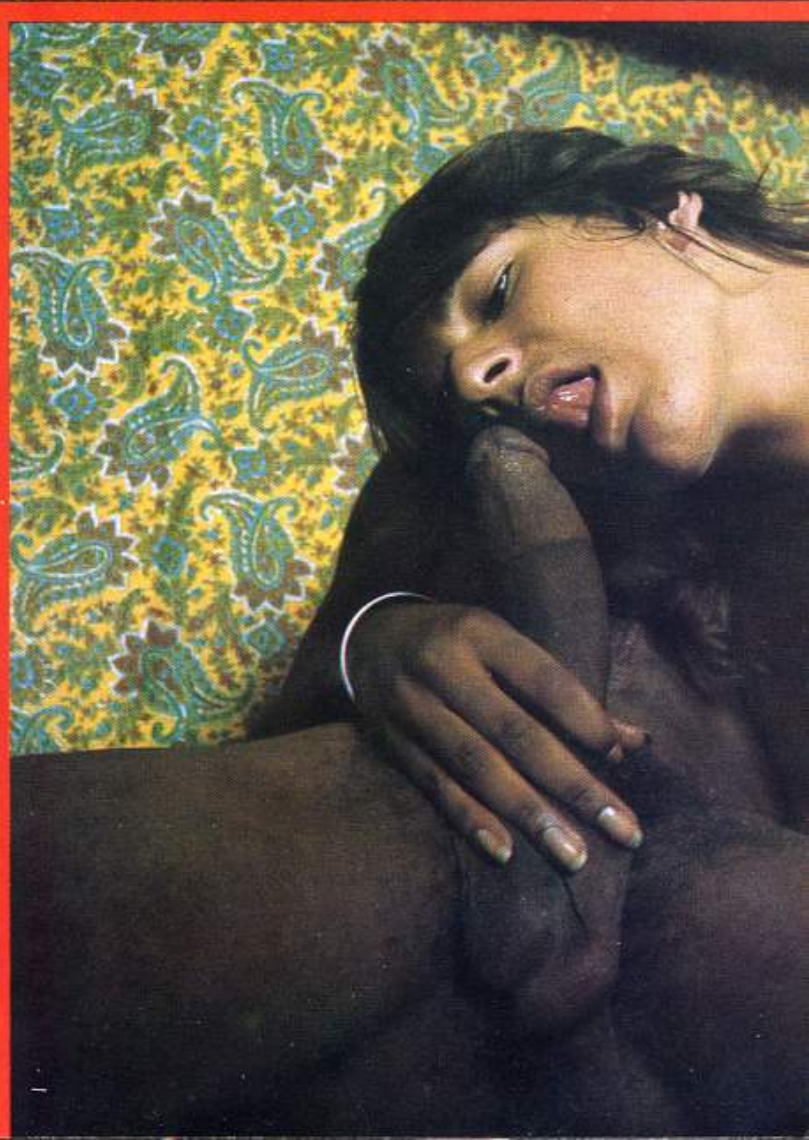




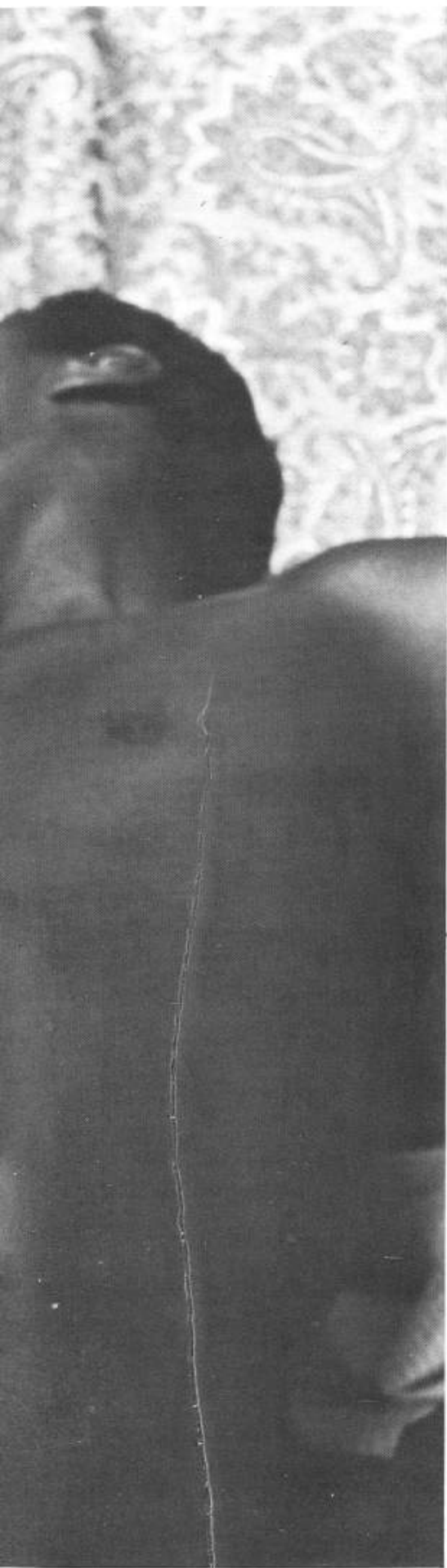


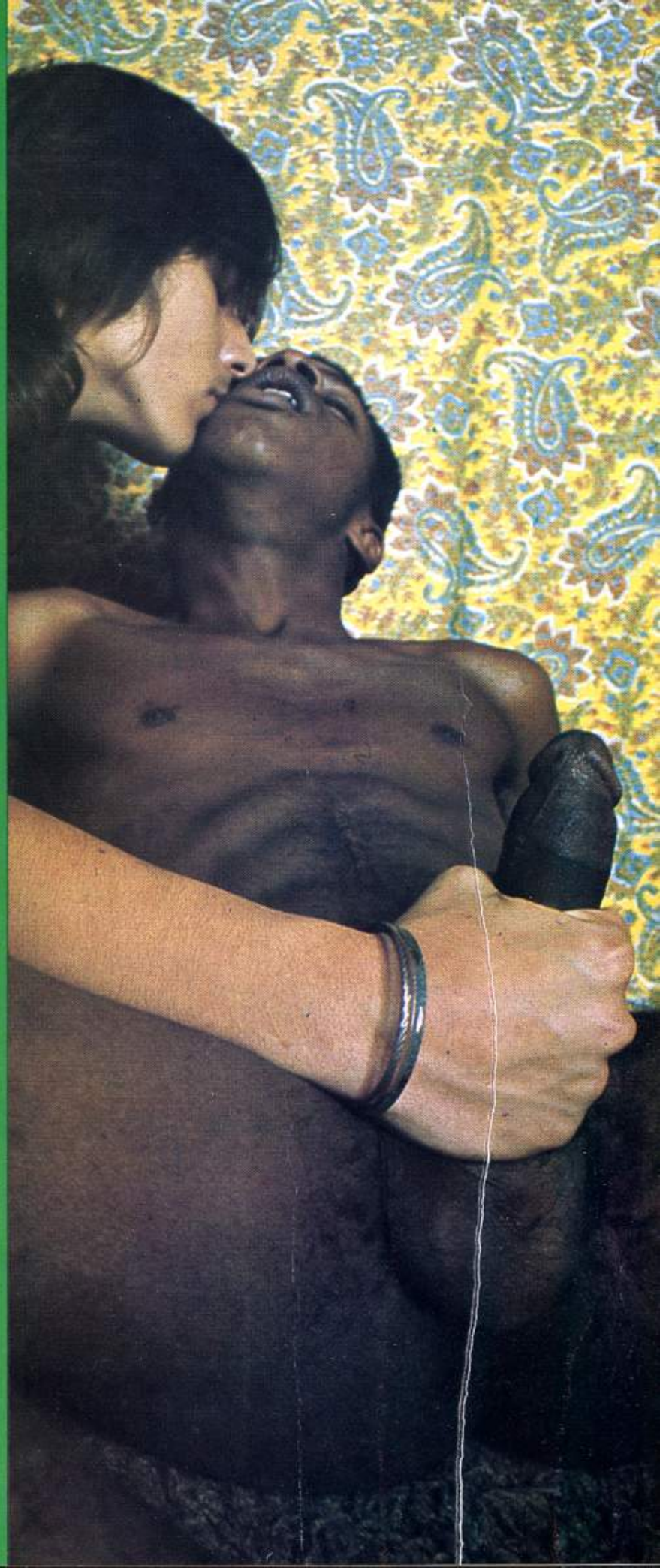




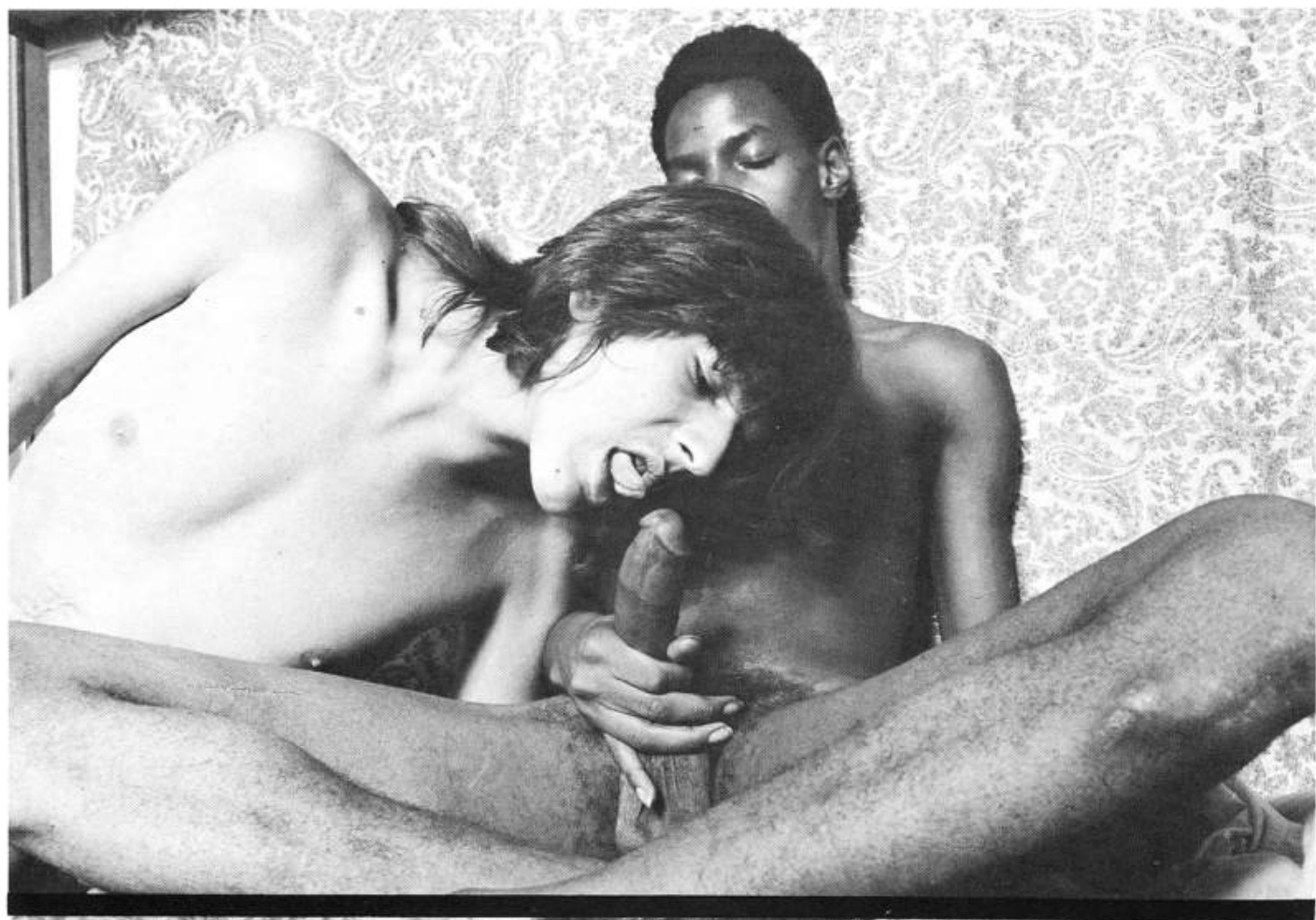




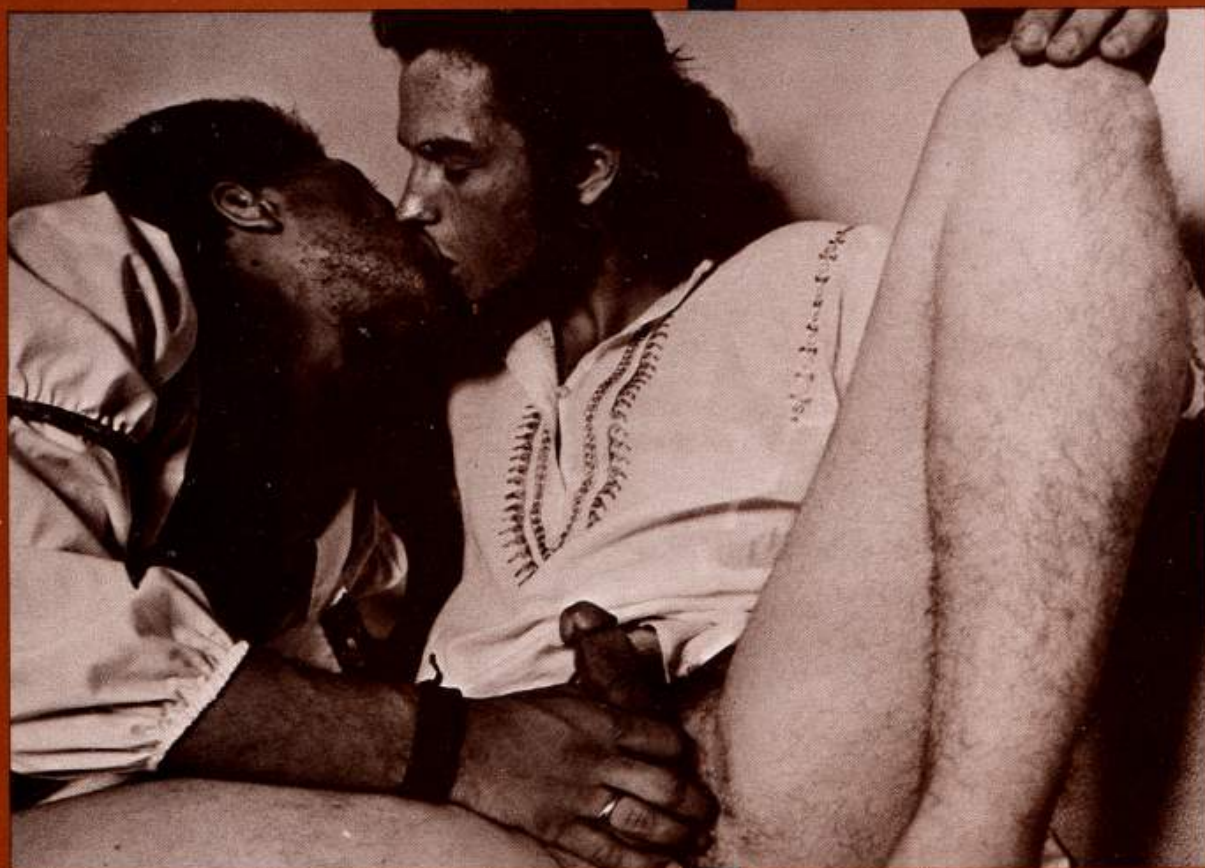












THE CIRCLE TURNS

Lucky Stagg had the world by the balls! He didn't have much ambition, but he was physically set-up for exactly what he did best---he had a good-looking face, a superb body and a gigantic cock which *nobody* could turn down! He learned at an early age that a guy *could* get by on just his body alone, and he learned his lesson well. The first time a fiver was slipped into his hand after a particularly fine blow job (he was thirteen at the time), a brilliant light went on in his brain, and the very next time, the five had doubled into ten.

While most boys were fiddling around with model airplanes or playing baseball or football in the park, he was at the park toilet selling his randy hard-on. That was another enterprising fact about Lucky---he could get a roaring hard-on in a matter of seconds if not faster, and the result was exciting, distracting and profitable. It didn't take the *sight* of money to get him steely hard---just the *thought* of it caused his beautiful ten-incher to turn to stone and his huge, egg-sized nuts to madly produce a vast amount of boiling, celery-juice tasting starch.

He came from a large family of boys, being neither the eldest nor the youngest, and consequently, he went unnoticed for the most part. He learned to jack off from the older boys and taught the younger ones what it was all about. The family purse strings were so tightly drawn that he never saw much more than a dime or more rarely a quarter, until he became his own business man

in the toilets of the parks, theaters and beaches which he haunted.

He preferred the brother who was born just after him to the others. Sonny's cheerfulness and pleasant disposition were just that. He also had a whopper of a cock and was Lucky's eager partner in sexual ventures devised by him. Since Lucky was the third boy and Sonny was the fourth, they shared the same bed. Lucky couldn't quite remember when they found out that mutual jacking off was highly pleasurable---but it was when they were both very small. Jeff, the second brother, had already seen to it that Lucky knew his penis was there for more reasons than just for peeing. Jeff had forgotten to lock the bathroom door one morning and Lucky had walked in on him when he was right in the middle of a panting, teeth-clenching jack off. "What are you doing?" Lucky asked, wide-eyed.

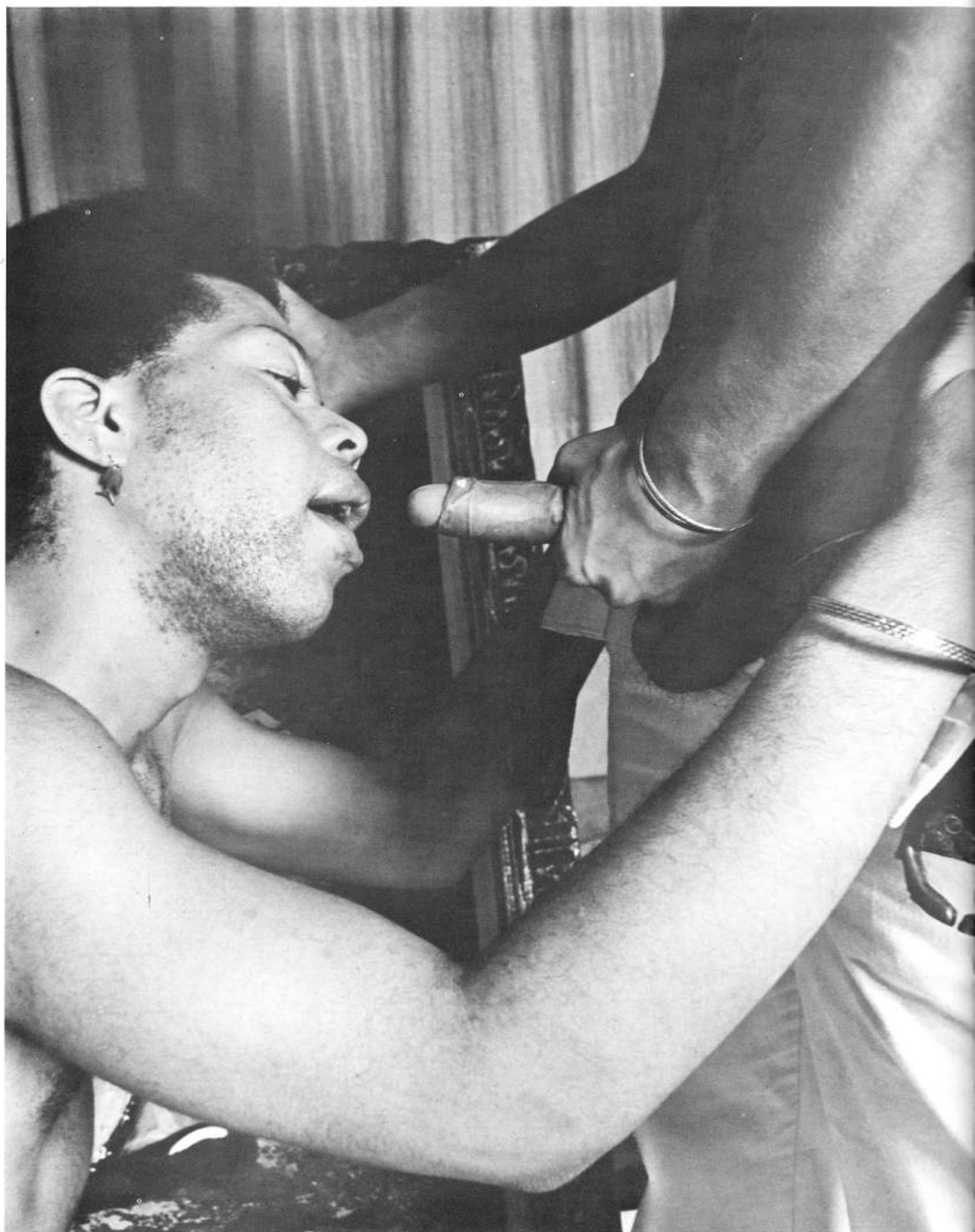
Fearing that Lucky would tattletale, Jeff said, "Come here and do this for me!"

The idea appealed to Lucky strongly, and he was curiously elated and breathless when he took hold of Jeff's big, uncircumcised prick.

"Yours is so big!" Lucky exclaimed. "Why aren't I that big?"

Jeff chuckled and replied, "You will be, Lucky. Now do what I was doing."

As Lucky determinedly jacked Jeff up and down, Jeff pulled Lucky's shorts down to his knees and appraised Lucky's predictable erection. 33





He sat Lucky down on his left thigh so Lucky could still handle his throbbing cock with ease and began jacking Lucky off. After four or five up and down passes, Lucky's eyes began to glaze and he began to pant. His fist began to slow down and Jeff groaned, "Don't stop, Lucky---keep doing it!"

Suddenly, a marvelous bolt of lightning shot up Lucky's spine from his tiny asshole to the base of his brain and kaleidoscoped in a myriad of colored spots and sensations. Jeff reached that stage also, and they moaned and panted as the feeling slowly diminished.

"What was that?" Lucky asked, in bewilderment.

"We 'tickled'!" Jeff replied, grinning with pleasure.

"Can Sonny do it?"

"Sure! Every boy can. But one thing---don't tell Mom or Dad. We're not supposed to do it."

"Why?"

"They say it's naughty---anyway, don't mention it or we can't do it again."

"Does Bill do it?"

"Boy! Does he ever! Let's see---he's five years older than you. He's got hair around his dick and everything. And when he jacks off---that's what we just did---white stuff comes shooting out! I'll be able to do it pretty soon, too!"

"What kind of white stuff?"

"It's called 'come'---and it feels better than when we did it!"

"Would he show me?"

"I don't think you'd better ask him. Oh, well---maybe I'll tell him you want to see it."

That night when he and Sonny were in bed, Lucky slipped out of his pajamas and Sonny asked, "What are you doing? You're in bed naked!"

Lucky already had a hard-on from thinking about showing Sonny his newly found pleasure. He took Sonny's hand and put it on his erection. "What are you doing?" Sonny inquired, squeezing nonetheless.

Lucky reached over and grasped Sonny's limp peter. He began playing with it, and the manipulations soon did their work. Lucky was surprised at the size of Sonny's hard-on and began pulling his foreskin back and forth over his taut crown. "Oooooo---that feels good, Lucky!" Sonny exclaimed. He began to do the same thing to Lucky and their tempo speeded up. Sonny was beginning to pant and make little whimpering sounds and Lucky hissed, "Be quiet! Jeff said that if the folks caught us, there'd be the devil to pay!"

After the initial shock of ecstasy had dwindled from his "tickling," Sonny asked, "Can we do this every night?"

"Just as often as we feel like it," Lucky replied, "but remember, don't let the folks know that we're doing it!"

"It feels so good. I don't see how there can be anything wrong with it!" Sonny argued.

At a later date, Jeff and Sonny went on a short trip and Lucky asked Bill if he could sleep with him. Bill, being used to Jeff sleeping with him, replied, "Sure---as long as you don't kick or pull covers!"

Lucky's heart was in his throat as he watched Bill undress and get into bed. His peter dangled way down past his huge nuts and Lucky was thrilled at the sight of the way-over average appendage. He wasn't used to seeing hair around a cock and was completely captivated at Bill's crisp, curly triangle. Bill saw him staring and asked, "What's the matter? Haven't you ever seen a prick before?"

Lucky nodded solemnly and replied, "But nothing as big as yours! And never one with hair around it!"

"Well, your turn will come when you're a little older."

Bill turned out the light and got into bed. The moonlight was streaming through the window and Lucky could see plainly. He asked softly, "Did Jeff ever say anything to you about---"

"You mean when you caught him jacking off?" Bill asked teasingly.

"Yeah."

"He said that you wanted to see me come. Is that right?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Okay---but you'll have to do it for me."

Nothing could have pleased Lucky more and he reached for Bill's long, fat prick as Bill threw back the covers. "Take off your pajamas, Lucky. You might as well enjoy yourself, too!"

Lucky began to jack the huge muscle off and Bill said, "Turn your body around, Lucky. You can get closer to it that way!"

Bill's big hand felt like heaven to Lucky as it moved in a thoroughly educated way up and down Lucky's dick. "Now lick the head of it and get it wet," Bill whispered.

At first, the idea didn't appeal to Lucky, but it was his wonderful oldest brother telling him to do it, so he gamely touched his tongue to the huge, helmet-shaped crown, hot and taut in its rigidity. It was like touching his tongue to a satiny-glossy surface, and Lucky found that he didn't mind it at all---in fact, he liked it! Bill began groaning and increased his tempo on Lucky's pulsating dick, and the sound wasn't one of pain or displeasure. Lucky knew that he was making Bill feel real good. Bill didn't tell him to stop so he just contin-

ued his licking. "Suck on it a little bit, baby!" Bill said, thrusting his hips.

Lucky let the massive crest slip into his mouth, and suddenly Bill did the same thing to him. Holy God! he thought, and began to suck with a passion as Bill took him all the way in, clear down to his balls! Lucky's body began to twitch and squirm involuntarily, and Bill stopped for a second and asked, "Don't you like it, little brother?"

"Oh, yes!" Lucky was barely able to chatter.

"Do you want to make me happy?"

"Oh, yes!" Lucky said again, fervently.

"I'm gonna come in a couple of minutes, and I want you to let me do it in your mouth. I want you to swallow it!"

Lucky almost said no, but the fabulous feeling of being able to do this marvelous thing with his oldest brother brushed away any doubts in his mind. Bill not only took all of Lucky's prick in his mouth, but he fluttered his tongue all over it, making Lucky almost faint from the delicious sensations. Lucky could only get Bill's enormous crown in his mouth, but he sucked hard and slipped it in and out. It was getting the trick done for Bill, even though he had experienced much better from Jeff.

Bill held off blowing his nuts until he felt Lucky's body stiffen and quiver from his orgasm, then let his hot cream gush into Lucky's throat. Lucky gagged and tried to pull away, but Bill held his head steady until his spurtings had dwindled off. Lucky raised his head. His eyes streaming tears and he was gasping for breath, but Bill held him close and petted him until he returned to normal and luxuriated in the feeling of being held in Bill's strong arms.

After that, Lucky sixty-nined with both Bill and Jeff several times a week and then taught the new sensation to Sonny. As a matter of fact, Lucky got the very first load Jeff ever shot. It was a moment that Jeff would never forget! By the time Lucky could shoot a load, Bill had grown up enough to be interested in girls and was lost forever to him. He still had Jeff and Sonny, who started coming prematurely, and of course, he saw that the two younger brothers were properly initiated.

The only sexual mishapening came when their father caught Sonny and Donny, the next youngest boy, sixty-nining in the back seat of the car when it was in the garage. Mr. Stagg attributed it to their extreme youth, but he cautioned Lucky about letting Sonny touch his privates. Both Sonny and Lucky had a big laugh over this and merely watched themselves closer.

One day when Lucky was in the park toilet and particularly horny, he began jacking off at one of

the urinals, not knowing that he was being watched by a man sitting in a booth doing the same thing. The man eased open his door, and whispered, "Hey, boy look at this!"

Lucky was startled, but when he saw the enormous hard-on the man was holding in his fist, he moved to the booth with his own erection still jutting from his fly. He had to see the fantastic organ at a closer range. "That's a nice looking hard-on you've got there," the man said, huskily. "How would you like me to suck it for you?"

Lucky was all for it and moved into the booth. The man closed the door and had Lucky stand on one side of the stool. The man was a sensational cock-sucker and had Lucky writhing with pleasure within moments. Lucky softly gasped, "Do you want me to suck yours?"

"How much do you charge?" the older guy asked seriously.

Never having given money a thought, Lucky replied, "Whatever you think it's worth!"

"Okay!" the man said excitedly. "Let's change places!"

Lucky sat on the stool and the man stood beside him. The cock was a real beauty and the man was in his late twenties or early thirties, so he had a very nice body on top of it. Lucky could see all of it, because the man's pants and shorts were down around his ankles, and his shirt was open. "Are you going to take me all the way?" he asked hopefully.

Lucky nodded without stopping his sucking and the man said, "Don't swallow it. Spit it in my mouth after I come!"

Lucky thought this somewhat strange, but, after all, he was going to be paid for it. He certainly hoped that the guy would suck him off afterward! The man made so much noise at the intense pleasure he was experiencing that Lucky thought for sure that they'd be heard, but no one else came in. The guy began chanting, "I'm coming! I'm coming! I'm coming!" and suddenly he did by the gallons—or so it seemed to Lucky, who was vainly trying not to swallow so that he could save it for the man.

The quivering man bent down and fastened his lips on Lucky's, then forced Lucky's mouth open with his tongue and greedily suctioned out the hot, viscous semen. Lucky's fist was still jacking when the man finished. Without a word, he pulled Lucky up from the stool and changed places with him. He proceeded to suck Lucky off. It was better than Lucky had ever experienced with his brothers. After Lucky had shot an enormous load and pulled up his pants, the man had put a five dollar bill in his hand, and said goodbye!

He saw the man at brief intervals over the next





five years, and when Lucky was nineteen, the guy asked him to come and live with him. He had had a wife, but she died and there were no children. Clyde Evert, the man, was still in his thirties, and had retained his wonderful body. Lucky gladly accepted, not having any particular talent except for sex. He was moved into a beautiful house and given an allowance—plus being given the go ahead in extra-curricular activities—just so he was ready when Clyde wanted him. Clyde bought him an old used car which ran well, and Lucky spent his afternoons cruising the heads and making money by hustling his beautiful cock. Money was no longer a big item in his life. If some guy appealed to him enough, it didn't matter if he got paid or not. He did find, however, that he was beginning to prefer younger men, youths his own age, or younger.

Around noon on this particular day, Lucky was driving around aimlessly, looking for hitch-hikers. He didn't feel like going to a head to cruise, but his prick made a long, hard salami down his left pant leg. He was almost to the point of giving up and going home to jack off when he spotted a young man with his thumb out. The boy wasn't obviously gay, but the way he had his shirt tied in a knot just under his rib cage, and the exceptional lump running down the inside of his left thigh told Lucky all he needed to know. He only hoped the lump was for real.

He stopped the car and asked, "Are you looking for a ride, man, or just looking?"

The lad grinned and replied, "I didn't have any place in mind to hitch to. Which way are you going?"

"All the way!" Lucky replied boldly.

"That sounds like a place I'd like to go!" the boy answered.

"We'll have to take our clothes off to get there," Lucky warned, jokingly.

"There's nothing I like better," the guy said and got in the car.

"The first thing I want to find out," Lucky said, "is if that bulge is for real or not!"

"It is!" the lad answered, thrusting his pelvis forward.

Lucky reached his hand down and ran it along the lump. "Yep!" he said, happily, "it's real all right!"

"My name is Chad, and I'd like to return the favor!"

"It's yours," Lucky said, "for now, that is!"

"Where can we go?" Chad asked. "I don't think it would be very good sense to do anything in the car in broad daylight!"

"Don't worry. We can go to my pad," Lucky said, airily.

When they drove up to the mansion Lucky lived in, Chad exclaimed, "Is this where you live?"

"Yep---this is it," Lucky replied.

"Are you some wealthy heir or something?"

"Or something is about my class," Lucky answered. "This house belongs to my lover. I'm being kept."

"I don't seem to fit in with that picture at all!"

Chad replied, looking a little worried.

"It's all right---as long as he gets what he wants. And he gets it!"

"What's he like?"

"About thirty-five---great body, a huge cock and pretty good looking."

"What are you fooling around with me for?"

"Oh---he works hard and can't come up with a hard-on all the time, so he lets me run loose."

"I wish I had a deal like that. At least a hard-on is the least of *my* problems!"

Chad slid down in the seat and pulled the buttons of his jeans open. His giant prick popped out and quivered and throbbed enticingly. "I think you and I are going to become *very* good friends!" Lucky said, softly, taking it in his fist.

"Let's go in the house and find out!" Chad said breathlessly.

They entered the magnificent home, and Chad said, "What? No servants?"

"We had a man to take care of things, but Clyde came home early one afternoon and found us stripped and in what you call a compromising position. Since then, we haven't had any help except a cleaning woman."

"So he does care a little bit?"

"Oh, sure. He cares, but he just doesn't want it thrown in his face."

"Where did you meet this guy?"

"At a glory hole in a park," Lucky said, truthfully.

"Does he still go to them?"

"I don't know---but that could account for his not being horny very often."

"I love to cruise heads," Chad admitted.

"Where do you go?"

"There's a park here in the Valley that's busy all the time."

"My God! I'll bet it's the same one I used to cruise!"

"Some real great looking guys go there, I'll tell you!"

"Any real young guys?"

"There's one in particular that I'm real hung up on."

Lucky was busily undressing and asked, "What does he look like?"

"He's a wonderful looking kid with a great body and a prick that won't wait. As a matter of fact,







he looks something like you!"

"What's his name?"

"Sonny something or other."

Lucky's mouth dropped open and he asked,

"Do you know his last name?"

"I do, but I can't remember it off-hand."

"If it's who I think----"

"We'd like to get a place together, but there's this older fellow who's asked me to live with him as soon as he can get rid of the lover he's got."

"Which one are you going to take?"

"I'm nuts about the younger guy, but I can't seem to make a living by myself---so I guess I'll end up being with the older man."

"What's the older guy's name?"

"He's never told me. I just see him twice a week."

"Well, hurry up and strip. I want this to last as long as possible!"

"What if your lover comes home?"

"First of all, let me ask you this. Which would you prefer---two young lovers or one older one?"

Chad looked at Lucky's enormous, beautiful, uncircumcised cock, and asked, "Is one of them you?"

Lucky nodded mysteriously, and Chad asked, "And the other?"

"Isn't Sonny's last name Stagg?"

"Yeah---by God, it is!"

"Then the other one is my brother---I'm Lucky Stagg!"

"Are you willing to give all this up for me?"

"For you *and* Sonny. You see, I've been in love with him all my life!"











This publication is offered for the serious student of life. It is intended to be a clinical study of contemporary gay behavior in the United States. Anyone seeking to fulfill prurient interests, should look elsewhere.